Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. 'Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And

And indeed had no cauſe to miſt
But yet you ſee how ſoone the da
This ſudden ſcab of rancor I mi
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needle
But come my L. ſhall we to the T
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you
This day thoſe men you talke of
Sta. They for their truth mig
Then ſome that haue accuſed th
But come my L. let vs away.
Haſt. Go you before, Ile follow

Enter Haſtings a P

Haſt. Well met *Haſtings*, how g
Pur. The better that it pleaſe y
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, tis bett
Then when I met thee laſt where
Then was I going priſoner to th
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queen
But now I tell thee (keepe it to th
This day thoſe enemies are put t
And I in better ſtate then euer I
Pur. God hold it to your Hono
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold

He giues him his p

Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip.
Haſt. What ſir Iohn, you are
I am beholding to you for your
Come the next Sabboth, and I w

Enter Buckingha

Buc. How now Lord Chamb
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing
Haſt. Good faith, and when I
Thoſe men you talke of, came in
What, go you to the Tower my
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not
I ſhall returne before your Lord
Haſt. 'Tis like enough, for I ſt
Buc. And ſupper too, althoug

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